

## The second part of

*War.* Speake lower, princes, for the King recouers.  
*Hum.* This apoplexi wil certaine be his end.  
*King* I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence,  
 Into some other chamber.  
 Let there be no noyse made, my gentle friends,  
 Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand  
 Will whisper musique to my weary spirite.  
*War.* Call for the musique in the other roome.  
*King* Set me the crowne vpon my pillow here.  
*Clar.* His eie is hollow, and he changes much.  
*War.* Lesse noyse, lesse noyse. *Enter Harry*  
*Prince* Who saw the duke of Clarence?  
*Clar.* I am here brother, ful of heauinesse.  
*Prince* How now, raine within doores, and none abroad?  
 How doth the King?  
*Hum.* Exceeding ill.  
*Prince* Heard he the good newes yet? tell it him.  
*Hum.* He alired much vpon the hearing it,  
*Prince* If he be sicke with ioy, heele recouer without phi-  
 sicke.  
*War.* Not so much noyse my Lords, sweete prince, speake  
 lowe, the King your father is disposde to sleepe.  
*Cla.* Let vs withdraw into the other roome.  
*War.* Wilt please your Grace to go along with vs?  
*Prince* No, I wil sit and watch heere by the King.  
 Why doth the Crowne lie there vpon his pillow,  
 Being so troublesome a bedfellow?  
 O polisht perturbation! golden care!  
 That keepst the ports of Slumber open wide  
 To many a watchfull night, sleepe with it now!  
 Yet not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,  
 As he whose brow (with homely biggen bound)  
 SnORES out the watch of night. O maiestie!  
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
 Like a rich armour worne in heate of day,  
 That scaldst with fasty (by his gates of breath)

There

## Henry the fourth.

There lies a dowlly feather which stirs not,  
 Did he suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne  
 Perforce must moue my gracious lord my father:  
 This sleepe is sound indeede, this is a sleepe,  
 That from this golden Rigoll hath diuorft  
 So many English Kings, thy deaw from me,  
 Is teares and heauy sorowes of the blood,  
 Which nature, loue, and filiall tendernesse  
 Shall (O deare father) pay thee plenteously:  
 My due from thee is this imperiall Crowne,  
 Which as immediate from thy place and blood,  
 Deriues it selfe to me: loe where it sits,  
 Which God shal guard, and put the worlds whole strength  
 Into one giant arme, it shal not force,  
 This lineal honor from me, this from thee  
 Will I to mine leaue, as tis left to me. *exit.*

*Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.*

*King* Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence,  
*Clar.* Doth the King cal?  
*War.* What would your Maiestie?  
*King* Why did you leaue me here alone, my lords?  
*Cla.* We left the prince my brother here my liege, who vn-  
 dertooke to sit and watch by you.  
*King* The prince of Wales, where is he? let me see him: he  
 is not here.  
*War.* This doore is open, he is gone this way.  
*Hum.* He came not through the chamber where we staide.  
*King* Where is the Crowne? who took it from my pillow?  
*War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.  
*King* The Prince hath tane it hence, go seeke him out:  
 Is he so hastie, that he doth suppose my sleepe my death?  
 Finde him, my lord of Warwicke, chide him hither.  
 This part of his conioynes with my disease,  
 And helps to end me: see, sonnes, what things you are,  
 How quickly nature falls into reuolt,  
 When gold becomes her obiect?

For